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WHEN DO-IT SCHOOL ENTERTAINED

—BY—

MARY BONHAM

PRICE 25 CENTS

Eldridge Entertainment House

Franklin, Ohio *and* Denver, Colo.

944 So. Logan Street

Money-Making Entertainment Novelties for Church, School or Lodge

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Eldridge Entertainment House

FRANKLIN, OHIO also DENVER, COLO.
944 S. Logan St.

When Do-It School Entertained

A Christmas Play In One Act.

By
MARY BONHAM

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PUBLISHED BY
ELDRIDGE ENTERTAINMENT HOUSE,
FRANKLIN. OHIO DENVER, COLO.

Cast of Characters

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DAISY, ROSE, TOM ..... Members of the Advanced Grade, Committee on Entertainment

ROBERT—Large Boy who brings the guests.

ROY—Boy who brings Miss Kaziah and her cat to the Entertainment.

DAN DOO—The bad boy of Do-It School, also Santa Claus.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA FLUTE—From the "Mounting."

AUNT LIZ PANE—Afflicted with Rheumatiz.

SILAS FLICKER—Who lost out on Security.

BLIND BILL AND LITTLE BILL—From Hemlock Hollow.

TIM LANE—Old Southern soldier who warms up on Dixie.

DICK WITHERS—A reformed drunkard.

MISS KAZIAH KITE—Once disappointed in love.

BILL SPARK—Courting swain.

BELL LOVE—The mountain belle.

MRS. MARIAH HOPE—Widow with youthful hopes.

GEO. WASHINGTON HOPE
Age twelve
JAS. MADISON HOPE
Age ten
ANDY JACKSON HOPE
Age nine
W. J. BRYAN HOPE
Age seven
WOODROW WILSON HOPE
(Senie) Age six
WILSON WOODROW HOPE
(Junie) Age six
—Proud sons of the Widow Hope

TWO FIDDLERS or BANJO PICKERS (black)

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DEC 30 '22

When Do-It School Entertained

Costumes are out of date except for those entertaining. Some wear ragged clothes, some very bright inharmonious colors. All guests show a lack of taste in dress, but they are supposed to have on their "best." Suit costumes to the character.

Scene—Have as large Christmas tree as stage will allow, on right of stage. Decorate tree in any style. Have packages on tree with names, etc., on them for guests. Have box large enough for Dan to hide under in prominent place. Arrange seats for most of guests on left of stage, facing tree. The packages may be "bogus" but there must be candy and nuts to pass to the guests to eat. This may take the place of "treat," as given in some schools.

Curtain must not be raised till Dan raises it.

DAISY—(*standing in front of curtain*) As chairman of the high class in Do-It school, I am due you an explanation. At our class meeting to decide upon our Christmas entertainment, someone suggested that we have a Bible-way Christmas—that, instead of giving gifts to each other, we pool our money for a tree and some eats and invite in all the "halt, the lame, and the blind," who lived in the vicinity. The idea was conceded to be "just grand," and now you may have the pleasure of looking on as we entertain. (*Exit R., then run back.*) Please excuse me. I forgot to tell you that the exercise will not begin for a few minutes, as one of the boys had to go quite a distance out of his way to get Miss Kaziah Kite. She and her cat would never forgive us if we left them out of our entertainment. I hope everybody will

have a neighborly chat while we wait on Miss Kaziah and cat. I must look after the eats. (*Exit R.*)

(*Enter Dan, dressed as Santa Claus and holding a stick of candy ten or twelve inches long.*)

DAN—Howdy, Everybody! Merry Sweet Christmas to YOU! I'm awful glad that girl had such a thoughtful brain and sent for Miss Kaziah, which thereby prolongs the raising of the curtain, thereby giving me a chance to tell you something. Why, everybody is looking so pretty. Well, if there ain't (*naming some man or boy in audience*), over there by his girl, just like a bumble-bee hanging 'round a rosebud. Why, everything just suits me to a gnat's toe, and I'm going to tell you a secret. Will you tell? Well, if you do, I'll not put a thing in your stocking but a great big leak, *like you.* Here's the secret. I'm Don Doo, the bad boy of Do-It school, as they call me. When they asked me how I liked this new style entertainment biz, I said, "Ain't you going to have a Santa Claus?" and they said "No," and then I said, "Well you can have it without *me.*" Then one of the high class girls said, "Of course, we didn't expect any help from the bad boy of Do-It school." Right then I biled over, and decided to show 'em a few things, good or bad. Now, you watch me. I'm to make fun. Don't you tell on me, and I'll raise this curtain. (*Pulls curtain up.*) They don't know I'm here so I'll hide under this box and wait developments. (*Gets under box.*)

(*Enter Daisy, Rose, Tom, ready to receive.*)

ROSE—(*in high tone*) Well, well, well!

TOM—Where are you going to dig it?

DAISY—It won't be very deep, judging by the tone of her voice, Tom.

ROSE—Do hush! You are both bat-eyed. Don't you see that someone has raised the curtain?

TOM—Who would have dared to do it?

DAISY—Oh, someone in Do-It school. That Bad Sam, Dan Doo, I guess.

ROSE—Yes, and I suppose he's sneaking out behind some curtain, having an attack of giggles.

TOM—Well, I will do him up starchy for this.

ROSE—Huh! He's sleek enough now.

TOM—Rose, don't be so thorny. I'll just stiffen him so he can't walk.

DAISY—Let's don't do him up physically. Let's give him a hard task to do.

TOM—Fertile brains must devise the task then.

DAISY—Rose, Tom said you are thorny. You impose the task.

ROSE—Will you allow me to lay a plot involving other people.

DAISY—Yes, just so you make it rough on Dan for meddling on this stage.

ROSE—Well, I'm going to make Dan the scapegoat for the making or the breaking of a match. You know, that the scapegoat in olden times was loaded with the sins and the burdens of the people and sent out in the wilderness to bear them alone.

TOM—What under the sky has she in mind, Daisy? Rosebud, please unfold.

ROSE—Don't look so sour, Thomas Doubt. Rosebuds unfold quickest in sunshine.

TOM—My patience shall be an everlasting diamond set in smiles to hear the unfolding of this rosy plot.

ROSE—In short, I'm going to make Dan Doo carry a love letter and a box of candy from Dick Withers to Miss Kaziah Kite.

TOM—I'm too thick-headed to see how that will punish Dan for this offense.

DAISY—I never could see missing links, either, Tom.

ROSE—Do you know the condition that exists between Miss Kaziah and Mr. Withers?

TOM—Everybody knows that Dick Withers is, or was, a down-in-the-gutter drunkard—

DAISY—And everybody knows, too, that Miss Kaziah would not marry him because he loved the bottle better than he did her,—

TOM—And everybody knows that Miss Kaziah allows no one to mention the name of Dick Withers to her.

ROSE—Now, don't you see what a hornet's nest I'm stirring up around Dan? Would either of you dare to take a love letter and a box of candy from Dick to Kaziah? Say, would you dare do it?

TOM—No, indeed. I never meddle in love.

DAISY—I'd expect to come away bald or blind, if I did.

ROSE—Now then. Any boy who is bold enough to raise this curtain against the order of the Entertainment Committee in the face of the assembled audience is bold enough to approach Miss Kaziah on the subject of her discarded Dick Withers. Let the consequences come.

TOM—Are you gong to consult Mr. Withers about what you are going to do?

ROSE—No. I have reason to know that Dick is a reformed man and is dying to get into Kaziah's good graces, but he's afraid. I believe if we can get Dan to do this, he will feel that he has spent his superabundant energy to some purpose. If you can just get a bad boy started in the right road, he will outstrip the ever-good ones.

DAISY—Aren't you afraid he will balk on doing this?

ROSE—Here's a large fellow here to make him if he does, after we have appealed to the daring that's in him.

TOM—Well, Rose, I believe your plan will work. In either case you will win. If the letter and the candy meet with favor, there'll be a wedding, and Dan will be a hero; and once a hero, always a hero. If the letter and candy are trampled under foot Dan will get a Maggie Jiggs broom-rolling-pin-crockery beating, thereby getting well paid for the raising of this curtain.

DAISY—Good! I predict Dan Doo will become a

hero under the direction of Miss Rose Keen. Oh, I hear the guests coming. I'm going to be the first to greet them. (*All run out R.*)

DAN—(*rolling out from under box and jumping up*) Great Opportunity! Folks, did you ever get sat on like I did? Won't do to let 'em get ahead of me like that. (*Grabs a sheet of paper out of tablet on tree and writes fast; folds. Then he takes his long stick of candy and wraps it in paper, pins the letter to candy and wraps all in several papers, labels to Miss Kaziah, pins on tree and goes under box, saying*) Now, listen for me.

(*As many children as desired may enter with guests and seat them. Or, if preferred, the children may be guests.*)

(*Daisy enters with Grandma and Grandpa Flute, followed by Blind Bill and Little Bill, then come the one-arm ex-soldier, Tim Lane with Aunt Liz Pane, who hobbles. Tom comes with Silas Flicker, who is very humped and sour looking. Rose enters with Mrs. Hope, who carries Junie in one arm and leads Senie by the other. W. J. Hope holds Senie's hand, Andy holds W. J.'s, James holds Andy's, George holds James'. All are seated in rows.*)

DAISY—Are all the little Hopes here, Mrs. Hope?

MRS. H.—Let me see, Miss. George Washington.

(*She calls each by name in order, and all answer "Here."*)

DAISY—Now, we are all delighted to have you all with us—

GRANDMA F.—Lar, chile, we'un air the ones ter be glad. Well, ain't the tree grand, Grandpa?

GRANDPA—Let me git off my fur-seein' specs, maw. Yes siree, that thar's a rale purty tree. I hain't seed nary one like hit, an' I've been in this mounting kentry goin' onto the heels of eighty year.

DAISY—You may feast your eyes on the tree till the other guests arrive.

ROSE—And chat about Christmas joy for this is to be a very merry Chritmsas for everybody.

TOM—And forget all your aches and pains—

AUNT LIZ—Say, young man, hain't got no pills fer rheumatiz, have yer?

TOM—No, Aunt Liz, but I believe if you'd get to wondering what is on this tree for you, the rheumatism woud leave you.

AUNT L.—Now, look-a-here, young man, them fruits a-hangin' on that tree is mighty purty, but I bet if my rheumatiz was tied up in a package an' hangin' on that tree, you wouldn't smile when you got hit. (*Groans.*) My cuzease ain't goin' 'low me many mo' Christmases. I'm so awful stiff in the jints. Can't eat nuthin' now but gawrden sass, an' hit's gittin plum skearce in Possum Holler. Whut air you cookin' these days, Miss Flute? Law! If yander don't come Bill Spark and Bell Love, a-holdin' hands. (*Tom shows Bell and Bill seats.*) I wonder how long they've been a-talkin'. (*She continues to talk in whispers all along.*)

LITTLE BILL—(*pointing*) Oh, Uncle Job, tell 'em ter give me that thar jumpin' jack. (*Runs to tree and handles jack, which drops off.*) I'll be doggoned, never done that trick afore!

TOM—No harm, Billie. This jack likes to jump, so you may jump him. (*Bill smiles and sits on front seat and jumps the jack.*)

AUNT L.—(*turning*) Howdy, Mr. Lane; ain't seed you in a coon's age. Any courtin' goin' on over in your holler?

MR. LANE—I reckon not, Aunt Liz. All married out over thar.

AUNT L.—Looks like you'd be fetchin' 'nuther wife, bein' you ain't got but one arm.

MR. L.—Now, Aunt Liz, if you didn't have so much rheumatiz—

AUNT L.—Hush, Tim, 'tain't no wuss than havin'

one arm. (*Looks back.*) Law! If thar don't come them fiddle men. Tim, you kin pat yo' foot now.

(*Fiddlers play Dixie, all pat feet. Tim sings chorus and throws hat in air.*)

GRANDPA F.—Now, give us Yankee Doodle. (*They play and Aunt L. dances a jig. Tim joins her and they sit on front seat together. Hope children get restless.*)

WIDOW H.—Now, you colts better behave yerselves, er ye'll not git nary thing offin' that tree. (*George slips out of seat and fingers articles on tree.*) George Washington Hope, don't you touch that. Yer namesake got in big trouble a-tetchin' uf a cherry tree. (*Madison fingers doll.*) You, thar, James Madison Hope, let that thar doll alone. Shorely you hain't thinkin' 'bout the gals this young.

ROSE—Is the little boy sick, Mrs. Hope?

WIDOW—No'm, not now. But he did have a awful colic a-eatin' of dried apples yistiddy. I had a awful time puttin' the panic on his pains. You'll 'scuse him fer settin' on my lap.

ROSE—Of course, Mrs. Hope. What is his name?

WIDOW—Why, Woodrow Junie Hope. Him an' Woodrow Senie, here, is twins. Woodrow Junie looks like his paw, who got drownded. (*Weeps.*)

ROSE—They certainly have nice names. Let me give them some candy.

WIDOW—Tell the lady some thanks, Junie. (*He eats.*)

SENIE—Mammy, wipe my nose. (*Wipes his nose with colored handkerchief.*)

WIDOW—Miss Rose, I jist want ter tell you that William Jennings, here, is a awful good speechifier, an' he'll speak fer you.

ROSE—All right, Mrs. Hope. William Jennings, won't you speak for us?

W. J.—(*lisping*) If I wuz a Thanta Kaus,
I'd visit you tonight,
An' fill yo' thock tho full of love,
You'd (*whistle*) at the thight.
(*Bows.*)

ROSE—Very nice, William Jennings, Junior. I hope you will equal William Jennings Senior, some day.

(*Enter Miss Kaziah and Roy.*)

ROY—Ladies and gentlemen: I'm sorry we are late. Miss Kaziah's cat got scared in the car, jumped out and gave me a two-mile chase.

KAZIAH—I felt that I must bring Snowball along, for I'd be lonesome without him.

BLIND BILL—How many cats do you keep now, Kaziah?

KAZIAH—Just thirteen. Six got ketched in steel traps last year, and two's been dogged ter death. I'm havin' awful bad luck with my cats. (*Strokes Snowball.*)

DAISY—Have a seat here, Miss Kaziah. (*Indicates box.*)

GEO.—Maw, James Meddlesome is pullin' squibs off the tree.

WIDOW—James Madison Hope, you come here and set by me. You hear me? Law, if here don't come Uncle Dick!

(*Enter Dick, leading dog, hound if possible.*)

TOM—Glad to see you, Mr. Withers. Have the seat of honor by Miss Kaziah. (*Dick looks everywhere else for a seat; Kaziah fidgets.*)

DICK—(*sitting with back to Kaziah.*) I didn't 'low Ise comin' ter this here thing till the boys come by an' washed my dishes and made me.

GRANDMA F.—Dick Withers, it's time you had a dishwasher in *calico.*

DICK—Reckon maybe as I'd a had one if I hadn't bee sech a blame fool.

(*Kaziah twists handkerchief.*)

AUNT L.—Dick, "while there's life there's hope."

(*Madison fires squib.*)

WIDOW—Didn't I tell you a while ago to behave yo'-se'f? (*Pulls him out, spanks him and leads him back.*) Now, set here by me till you git yo' present. (*They sit.*)

SENIE—Mammy, wipe my nose.

ANDY—Mammy, I want that thar prutty thing on the top.

WIDOW—Hush, Andrew Jackson, you can't have it.

JUNIE—Mammy, I want some more candy.

SILAS—Mariah Hope, I'd put some stickin' plaster on them sparrows' bills, if they wus mine.

(*Enter Daisy and Rose with candy and nuts which they pass. Every one eats and makes remarks on the tree or the occasion. Soft music if desired.*)

GRANDMA F.—Say, Liz, I can't eat these here nigger-toes without no teeth, kin you?

AUNT L.—No, but I'm goin' ter slip mine in my stockin' an' beat 'em up when I git home .

SILAS—Kaziah Kite! You don't feed them nuts ter yer cat, I hope.

KAZIAH—Yes, Silas, I give him all kinds er sass.

WIDOW—Junie, you be keerful how you eat nuts, fer you kin taken the colic awful quick and I didn't bring my calamus root. George Washington, you be keerful with that chawin' gum. Don't swaller it, and you kin keep it till termorrer. (*He puts gum on his nose.*)

TOM—Now while you are eating, some of the school will give you a song. (*Any number sing some Christmas carol. Introduce any stunts here desired, recitations, drills, pantomime, Guests make any remarks about the performance they please.*)

BELL—Now, hain't that nice! Bill, I wouldn't a-missed this fer nothin'.

BILL—Yar, hit's the best thing I ever seed.

WIDOW—Well, I got up an' combed my head before breakfast ter come and I ain't sorry of it.

GRANDPA F.—I ain't never seed sich afore, but I reckon as how hit ain't agin the Scriptures, is hit Silas?

SILAS—I ain't got nuthin' ter say, sence I lost out on s'curity. 'Pears ter me like the world's awful bad.

GRANDMA F.—Silas, forty year is long 'nuff fer one spell er the blues. My Bible hain't teached me ter wear a long face. Ef you'd take yer eyes off them lost dollars ye'd see the Lord's put a lot er good things in the world.

GEORGE—Maw, Meddlesome is choked on a candle.

WIDOW—Massy! Silas, hold Junie, quick while I onchoke him. (*Pounds Mad. on back; he gags.*) Water, water, he's dyin', oh!

GRANDMA—(*taking hold of him*) Don't lose yer narves, Mariah. (*Pulls candle out with finger.*) Now, sir, you set here by me and I'll make you behave. (*Senie takes Junie's candy. This makes him cry out loud.*)

WIDOW—What's the matter with Junie?

SILAS—Senie stole his candy.

WIDOW—Laws-a-mercy! He's holdin' his breath. Water, quick! Nuthin' else'll save him!

AUNT L.—Yes thar is. Spank him. 'Tain't a thing but meanness. Spank him, Mariah. (*She spanks Junie and he catches breath.*) 'Tain't the fust one that ever got spanked fer puttin' on. I give my Jonas many a lick fer—

GRANDPA—Amen!

TIM—Say, Withers, if ye hain't goin' ter keep Miss Kaziah comp'ny, I'll swap seats with yer.

KAZIAH—I reckon as how ye had better let good enuff alone, Tim Lane.

(*Dick takes up courage enough to turn toward Kaziah and make eyes.*)

GEO.—Say, Uncle Dick, you and Miss Kaziah ain't talk none fer twenty year, has yer?

WIDOW—Shet up, youngin', you don't know nuthin' 'bout sparkin'.

GEO.—Well, maw, you sed ternight 'd be a fine time fer 'em ter spark up. Bell and Bill over thar air a-sparkin', I guess.

BELL—'Tain't so, er 'tain't none o' yer bizness, smarty.

DAISY—Now, if you are through eating, we will distribute the fruits of our tree.

BELL—Miss Daisy, paw said as if you has any candy left over ter send him a leetle bite, bein's he's took with a pain in his spine.

SILAS—Bein's ye air givin' things away, I'd like ter take the old woman a gum-drap er two.

ROSE—Why, certainly. (*Gives bags to Bell and Si.*) Why did not Mrs. Flicker come with you?

SILAS—Bein's I lost out on s'curity forty year ago, she didn't have no new calico.

ANDY—I been lookin' fer a Santa Claus, but I can't see him. 'Tain't much Christmas 'thout Santa Claus.

(*Dick and Kaziah are facing and talk occasionally. Dan crows loud, Dick and Kaziah jump up.*)

KAZIAH—Mercy me! Where's that rooster? Dick, hit's a bad sign fer a rooster ter crow 'fore twelve o'clock, an' I was jist about ter git happy agin.

DICK—Kaxie, hit's a *good* sign fer a rooster ter crow 'fore twelve at Christmas. Hit's a sign ye air goin' ter git sumthin'.

(*Santa comes out, dances to limber up, smiles, all clap hands.*)

SANTA—Howdy, Grandpa and Grandma Flute, Aunt Liz, Blind Bill, Widow Hope and Company. You make me feel like mince pie does—awful glad—and if there ain't Mr. Lane, seventy if he's a day, but as gay as a

spring cricket, and playing hands with Aunt Liz. And there's cousin Silas Flicker, about to drap his hump of trouble and looking Merry Christmas straight in the face! And yonder sits Bill and Bell Spark—

BELL—'Tain't so. I hain't married yit.

SANTA—You didn't let me say my say. I started to say, there sits Bill and Bell sparking. (*Turns and sees Dick and Kaziah.*) Gee-up, reindeers, I've got to turn a summerset, fer Dick and Kaziah are warming up the soup. (*Turns over. All clap.*)

BLIND BILL—I guess you air right, Santa, fer I've been a-hearin' somebody a goo-ooin' and a-coo-cooin'.

ANDY—Maw, they hain't give us nary thing off the tree.

WIDOW—Shet up, Andrew Jackson, you always tryin' stir up trouble.

JUNIE—Mammy, wipe my nose.

W. J.—Mammy, I'll say another peach fer thome candy.

TOM—All right, William Jennings.

W. J.—Old Thanta Clauth ith fine an' dandy,
Hope he'll bring me lots of tandy.

SANTA—Here's you a stick for that, young man. (*Hands W. J. candy.*)

TOM—We didn't know Santa Claus would get here, but since he's come he will help us. Santa, you read out the names, etc., as I take the presents off the tree. (*He hands package.*)

SAN.—With love for Aunt Liz, a cure for rheumatiz. (*Takes another package.*) Grandpa Flute.
When the ground is covered with sleet, put these arctics on your feet.

GRANDPA—Amen!

SAN.—Blind Bill: This Christmas cake you may not see,
But when you eat it you will happy be.

WIDOW—Junie, you an' Senie wake up an' git yo' presents. (*Shakes them.*)

JAS.—Wisht you'd hurry and give me sumpin'.

SAN.—Here's an ox-eye for you to lick, Meddlesome, till your time comes. (*Hands him striped ball of candy.*)

ANDY—Mammy, make Santa Claus gim ME a ox-eye.

WIDOW—Here's a gum-drap—now hush.

SENIE—Mammy, they hain't gim me nary thing. (*Cries.*)

WIDOW—Dry up. Yer time's comin'. Younguns can't be fust.

SAN.—(*reading*) To George Washington Hope, a book about the Father of his country. Read this Georgy, and be ready to cross the Delaware on any Christmas night.

GEO.—Thanky-doo! Jist whut I been wishin' fer, ain't hit, maw?

MAD.—Wonder whut they're goin' ter gim ME!

WIDOW—A tongue halter, I hope.

SAN.—Here's a whip and a cowboy suit to the boy
who drives the cows—
And, with an ox, his mother's garden plows.

GRANDPA—Amen!

MAD.—(*cracking whip*) Gee, thar, Buck, whoa-haw!

WIDOW—Got whut you wanted, now hold yo' tongue.

ANDY—Mammy, whut they goin' ter gimme?

WIDOW—You know whut I'll give you if you don't hush.

SAN.—To Grandma Flute, so sweet and good,
A dainty, lacy sleeping hood.

GRANDMA—Well, Grandpa, ain't that the very thing for me?

SAN.—To Blind Bill's Billie, a brand new gun—
To hunt Brer Rabbit and have some fun.

SAN.—To James Madison Hope, squibs, squibs, squibs—
Be careful, James, and don't blow out your ribs.

MAD.—Whoopee, now I'll make the old cats skin up the tree.

SAN.—To Bell Love. May you always be as pure as the enclosed.

AUNT L.—Open hit, Bell, and tell us whut it is.

(*Mad. fires off squib.*)

SAN.—Gee-me-nee! This boy is trying to fire me.

BELL—Aunt Liz, hit's the purtiest white paper, but hit ain't got no lines on hit.

AUNT L.—Maybe that's the style now.

SAN.—To Mr. Lane, a handsome cane;
To Mother Hope, loads of soap.

GRANDPA—Amen! Use hit Mariah. (*Very large package.*)

SAN.—Woodrow Wilson Hope, Senior, automobile. Woodrow Wilson Hope, Junior, flying machine.

SAN.—From the boys of Do-It school, a purse of five dollars—
To Silas Flicker and wife,
For a new start in life.

GRANDMA—Now, ain't that nice! Git out of the dumps, Si, and bring Lucindy out ter preachin' Sunday.

SAN.—To Bill Spark, a flashlight. Guess that will come in handy when you cross the bridge to see Bell these dark nights, Bill.

BILL—You bet yer life!

SAN.—To Andrew Jackson Hope, an Indian suit and feather;
To W. J. Hope, shoes for the coldest weather.

SAN.—Well, here's a pretty for Miss Kaziah Kite. Doesn't say what it is—

AUNT L.—Open hit, Kazie, an' see what 'tis.

KAZIAH—Seems like I hain't got the nerve, Aunt Liz.

MR. LANE—Dick, if you don't offer you service ter Kaziah, I'm comin' over thar myself.

DICK—I's kinda skeered she'd gimme 'nuther setback, Tim.

KAZIAH—Shet up, an' ontie this knot, Fraidie-cat. (*To Dick.*)

(*Dick, very happy, cuts the knot.*)

DICK—(*meaningly*) The knot's ontied, Kazie.

KAZIAH—I'm awful glad, Dickie.

AUNT L.—I do believe they're makin' up, Mr. Lane.

MR. L.—I allus said they'd marry yit.

AUNT L.—Whut you got, Kaziah?

KAZIAH—Pears like hit's got a lot er packn' 'round hit. Here's a letter and I didn't bring my specs with me. The writin's bad.

SAN.—Let me read it for you, Miss Kaziah. I'm used to reading bad writing, getting letters from all the children.

KAZIAH—As 'tain't no love letter, I reckon ye may as well.

SAN.—Dearest Kaziah: I've done give up the bottle, and b'lieve in the glorious 18th. If you will fergit the past and take me fer a Christmas present off this tree, make hit known by eatin' this stick of candy. From your lover, Dick.

(*Kaziah hides her face and puts candy in pocket.*)

SAN.—Did I read that right, Dick?

DICK—I reckon as how them's my sentiments, all sed.

BELL—Let's see yer candy, Kaziah.

KAZIAH—Shet up. 'Tain't none of yours. (*Bites off a nibble.*)

TIM—Kaziah, ain't you goin' ter give me a bite?

KAZIAH—I reckon as how it'll be a long time afore ye git a bite, Tim Lane.

ANDY—I want a piece of Miss Kaziah's candy.

WIDOW—Shet up; her beau love give her that candy.

ANDY—Wisht I had a beau love.

WIDOW—I hope you ain't thinkin' 'bout the gals a-ready.

SAN.—Here's a stick, sonny.

MAD.—Say, maw, air they goin' ter marry? (*Points to K .and D.*)

MRS. H.—T'ain't no concern of yourn if they is.

ANDY—When Uncle Dick marries her I kin call her Uncle Kaziah, can't I?

SAN.—Not uncle, but Aunt Kaziah, Andy.

ANDY—(*going to Kaziah*) Aunt Kaziah, ye hain't give me nuthin' yit.

KAZ.—Well, ye needn't be callin' me aunt till after we're married.

SAN.—Hurrah! Wedding in the air. (*Sings, tune of "Jingle Bells."*)

Jingle bells, jingle bells, wedding on the way,
Bake some cakes and have some fun,
To celebrate the day!

GRANDPA—Amen!

MAD.—When they goin' ter ring the bells, maw?

WIDOW—Hold yer hush, Meddlesome.

MAD.—When they goin' ter ring, Uncle Dick?

DICK—Well, I reckon as Kazie says about termorrer, James Madison.

MAD.—Scotts! I'll be thar.

W. J.—Maw, I've et tho much candy hit tastes as nasty as anything else.

WIDOW—I'm glad you got filled up onct in yer life.

SAN.—Hello, here's another present. Upon my life! For Dick Withers. Haven't we given him a present?

DICK—Reckon as I've got all the present I want. (*He takes Kaziah's hand.*)

SAN.—Let me see. (*Reads.*) When you've found yourself a wife, you may use this butter knife.

AUNT L.—Well, I declar, gittin' silver a'ready!

JUNIE—Mammy, I'm a-gittin' sleepy.

SAN.—Well, as I've got to get on my long round to fill stockings, I'll wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. (*Starts.*)

(*Enter Tom Daisy and Rose, with long feather.*)

TOM—Hold on a minute, Santa-Dan-Doo.

ROSE—No, Dan-Doo-Santa.

DAISY—No, it's Dan-Doo, Hero, of Do-It school, curtain- raiser, match-maker, who has won a feather in his cap. (*Pins feather on his cap.*)

DAN—I give you my profoundest thanky-do. (*Bows. Exit.*)

GRANDPA—Well, maw, as hit's gittin' late, we'd better mosey on. Young folks, we'uns is awful proud of our good time. Hit makes we-uns feel better fer the big folks ter take us by the han' sometimes, an' give us a taste of the sweets of life. (*All rise, getting ready to go.*)

BLIND BILL—Them's my feelin's, all sed.

EVERYBODY—Mine, too.

AUNT L.—Mister Tom, I did fergit my rheumatiz, and enjoyed myself more'n I ever did in my life.

GRANDPA—Amen!

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